

FOR HIS SAKE

By Sue McNamara.

People in Edhamville were rather curious about Mrs. Courtney. Why such a pale, sad-eyed little woman should spend so much time earning and making gorgeous clothes which she never wore in the village was a little beyond them.

All the year round Mrs. Courtney worked in the dry goods store as one of the salesladies. Although she was very gentle and very gracious, there was always a faint reserve and dignity about her through which no one could penetrate. And always there was the faraway shadow of sadness in her eyes.

"And what beats me," said old Mrs. Poplam, the village gossip, "didn't I drop in there Wednesday night after prayer meeting, and wasn't she sewing away on the swellest silk dress I ever laid eyes on. It looks mighty queer. Has anyone around here ever seen her wear them?"

There was a hint of frost in the air and the sun was dying in the west one night late in October, when Mrs. Courtney hurried in at her gate. It had been a hard day at the store. Yet, with feverish eagerness, without taking the time to prepare her usual plain little supper, she set to work on some filmy, fluffy material which she hauled forth from the dresser drawer.

"Because they mustn't be merely nice clothes, dear," she whispered to herself. "They must be lovely, extravagant; the

kind of clothes a woman who has everything would wear. If they weren't the very finest you would be sure to suspect. They must be just as lovely as the ones I had before—before!"

Heedless of the costly stuff she held in her lap, the woman buried her face in it with a heart-breaking sob.

The next day, unconscious of the surprised stare of the villagers, she took a train for the north. A big trunk, bearing all the fine clothes, went with her. After riding all day she arrived at a big city. Here she hastened at once to a hotel. When she emerged from her room she was transformed from the plain little woman who had entered it to a blooming beauty. A skillful maid, a hair dresser and the sumptuous clothes had made of her again the woman she used to be.

"To the—penitentiary," was the quick order she gave the hack driver.

The gray-haired warden was used to admitting women visitors. He looked approvingly after Mrs. Courtney. This was the third year the pretty, well-dressed woman had come to see No. 2099, in other words Jas. Courtney, "doing" 20 years for forgery.

In the cold, grim little stone chamber Mrs. Courtney waited. She could scarcely breathe for the pounding of her heart. She closed both eyes and held her hands to her breast to quiet it. Then she was conscious of a step